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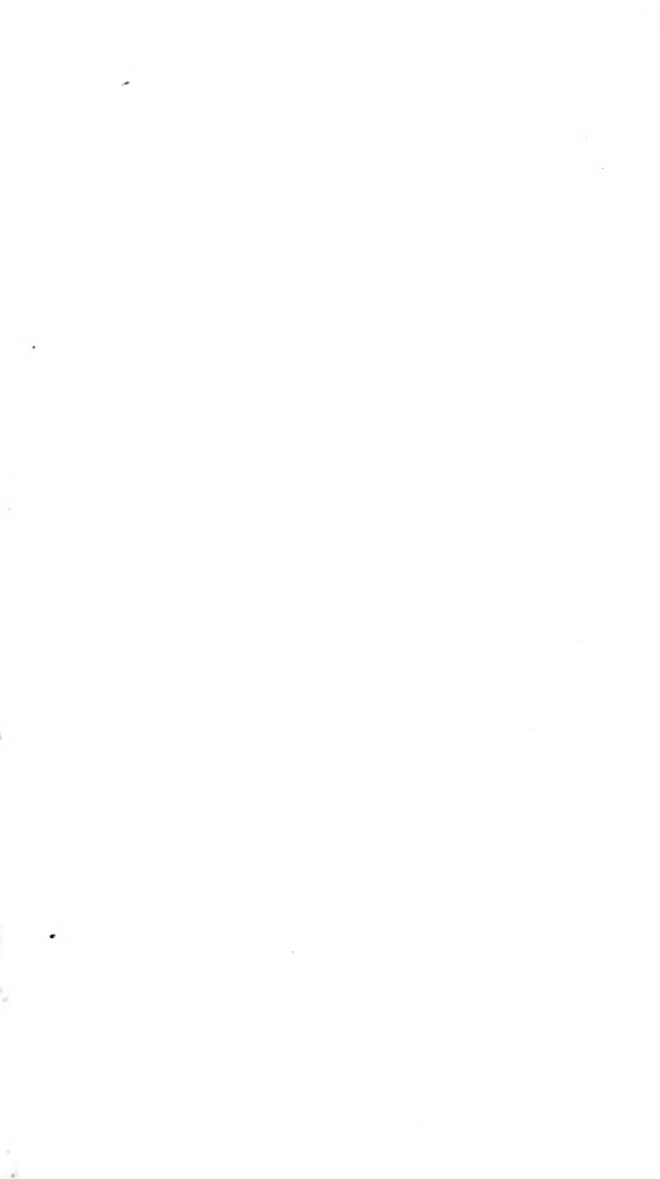
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The Day=Dream.







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Collection of "Masterpieces"

ALFRED TENNYSON

The Day-Dream

*With numerous original
illustrations by*

W. ST. JOHN HARPER



NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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1894

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Prologue.



The Day=Dream.

PROLOGUE.

O LADY FLORA, let me speak :

A pleasant hour has passed
away

While, dreaming on your damask
cheek,

The dewy sister-eyelids lay.

As by the lattice you reclined,

I went thro' many wayward
moods

To see you dreaming—and, be-
hind,

A summer crisp with shining
woods.
And I too dream'd, until at last
Across my fancy, brooding
warm,
The reflex of a legend past,
And loosely settled into form.
And would you have the thought
I had,
And see the vision that I saw,
Then take the broidery-frame,
and add
A crimson to the quaint Macaw,
And I will tell it. Turn your
face,
Nor look with that too-earnest
eye—

• The rhymes are dazzled from
their place.
And order'd words asunder fly.



The Sleeping Palace.





"THE VARYING YEAR
WITH BLADE AND
SHEAF CLOTHES AND
RECLOSES THE HAP-
PY PLAINS."

THE SLEEPING PALACE.

I.

THE varying year
with blade and
sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy
plains.

Here rests the sap within the leaf,
Here stays the blood along the
veins.

Faint shadows, vapors lightly
curl'd,

Faint murmurs from the mead-
ows come,

Like hints and echoes of the
world

To spirits folded in the womb.

II.

Soft lustre bathes the range of
urns

On every slanting terrace-lawn,
The fountain to his place re-
turns

Deep in the garden lake with-
drawn.
Here droops the banner on the
tower,
On the hall-hearths the festal
fires,
The peacock in his laurel bower,
The parrot in his gilded wires.

III.

Roof-haunting martins warm their
eggs ;
In these, in those the life is
stay'd.
The mantles from the golden
pegs

THE DAY-DREAM.

Droop sleepily ; no sound is
made,
Not even of a gnat that sings.
More like a picture seemeth
all
Than those old portraits of old
kings,
That watch the sleepers from
the wall.

IV.

Here sits the Butler with a flask
Between his knees, half drain'd ,
and there
The wrinkled steward at his task,
The maid-of-honor blooming
fair ;

The page has caught her hand in
his :

Her lips are sever'd as to
speak :

His own are pouted to a kiss :

The blush is fix'd upon her
cheek.

V.

Till all the hundred summers
pass,

The beams, that thro' the Oriel
shine,

Make prisms in every carven
glass,

And beaker brimm'd with noble
wine.

THE DAY-DREAM.

Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
Grave faces gather'd in a ring.



"AND DEAKER BRIMM'D
WITH NOBLE WINE.

His state the King re-
posing keeps.



His state the king reposing
keeps.

He must have been a jovial
king.

VI.

All round a hedge upshoots, and
shows

At distance like a little wood,
Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistle-
toes,

And grapes with bunches red
as blood ;

All creeping plants, a wall of
green

Close-matted, bur and brake
and briar

And glimpsing over these, just
seen,
High up, the topmost palace
spire.

VII.

When will the hundred summers
die,
And thought and time be born
again,
And newer knowledge, drawing
nigh,
Bring truth that sways the soul
of men ?
Here all things in their place
remain,
As all were order'd, ages since.

Come, Care and Pleas-
ure, Hope and Pain,
And bring the fated
fairy Prince.



Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope
and Pain,
And bring the fated fairy
Prince.

The Sleeping Beauty.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

I.

YEAR after year unto her feet,
 She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purple coverlet,
 The maiden's jet-black hair has
 grown,
On either side her tranced form
 Forth streaming from a braid
 of pearl :
The slumbrous light is rich and
 warm,
And moves not on the rounded
 curl.

II.

The silk star-broider'd cover-
lid

Unto her limbs itself doth
mould

Languidly ever ; and, amid

Her full black ringlets down-
ward roll'd,

Glow's forth each softly-shadow'd
arm

With bracelets of the diamond
bright :

Her constant beauty doth in-
form

Stillness with love, and day
with light.

III.

She sleeps : her breathings are
not heard

In palace chambers far apart.

The fragrant tresses are not
stirr'd

That lie upon her charmed
heart.

She sleeps : on either hand up-
swells

The gold-fringed pillow lightly
prest :

She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever
dwells

A perfect form in perfect rest.

The Arrival.



THE ARRIVAL.

I.

ALL precious things, discover'd
late,

To those that seek them issue
forth ;

For love in sequel works with
fate,

And draws the veil from hid-
den worth.

He travels far from other skies—

His mantle glitters on the
rocks—

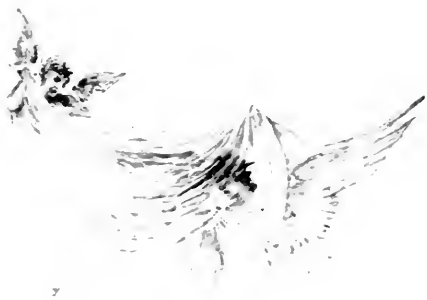
A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,



"A FAIRY PRINCE, WITH JOYFUL EYES.

And lighter-footed than the
fox.

For love in sequel
works with fate,
And draws the veil
from hidden worth.



II.

The bodies and the bones of
those

That strove in other days to
pass,

Are wither'd in the thorny close,
Or scatter'd blanching on the
grass

He gazes on the silent dead :

‘ They perish’d in their daring
deeds.’

This proverb flashes thro’ his
head,

‘ The many fail : the one suc-
ceeds.’

III.

He comes, scarce knowing what
he seeks :

He breaks the hedge : he enters
there :

The color flies into his cheeks :

He trusts to light on something
fair ;

For all his life the charm did talk

About his path, and hover near
With words of promise in his
walk,

And whisper'd voices at his ear,

IV.

More close and close his footsteps
wind :

The Magic Music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker, till he
find

The quiet chamber far apart.
His spirit flutters like a lark,

He stoops—to kiss her—on his
knee.

‘ Love, if thy tresses be so dark.
How dark those hidden eyes
must be ! ’

The Revival



THE REVIVAL.

I.

A TOUCH, a kiss ! the charm was
snapt.

There rose a noise of striking
clocks,

And feet that ran, and doors that
clapt,

And barking dogs, and crow-
ing cocks ;

A fuller light illumined all,

A breeze thro' all the garden
swept,

A sudden hubbub shook the hall,

And sixty feet the fountain
leapt.

II.

The hedge broke in, the banner
blew.

The butler drank, the steward
scrawl'd,

The fire shot up, the martin flew,

The parrot scream'd, the pea-
cock squall'd,

The maid and page renew'd
their strife,

The palace bang'd, and buzz'd
and clackt

And all the long-pent stream of
life

And sixty feet the
fountain leapt.
The hedge broke in, the
banner blew.





Dash'd downward in a cata-
ract.

III.

And last with these the king
awoke.

And in his chair himself up-
rear'd.

And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face,
and spoke,

'By holy rood, a royal beard!
How say you? we have slept,
my lords.

My beard has grown into my
lap.'

The barons swore, with many
words.

'Twas but an after-dinner's
nap.

IV.

'Pardy,' return'd the king, 'but
still

My joints are somewhat stiff
or so.

My lord, and shall we pass the
bill

I mention'd half an hour ago ?'
The chancellor, sedate and vain,
In courteous words return'd
reply :

But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question
by.

The palace bang'd and
buzz'd and clackt.



The Departure.



THE DEPARTURE.

I.

AND on her lover's arm she
 leant,

 And round her waist she felt it
 fold,

And far across the hills they
 went

 In that new world which is the
 old :

Across the hills, and far away

 Beyond their utmost purple
 rim,

And deep into the dying day

The happy princess follow'd
him.

II.

‘I’d sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss ;’
‘O wake for ever, love,’ she
hears,

‘O love, ’twas such as this and
this.’

And o’er them many a sliding
star,

And many a merry wind was
borne,

And, stream’d thro’ many a
golden bar,

The twilight melted into morn.

III.

‘O eyes long laid in happy
sleep!’

‘O happy sleep, that lightly
fled!’



“AND O’ER THEM MANY A FLOWING RANGE
OF VAPOR BUOY’D THE CRESCENT-BARK.”

‘O happy kiss, that woke thy
sleep!’

‘O love, thy kiss would wake
the dead!’

And o'er them many a flowing
range
Of vapor buoy'd the crescent-
bark,
And, rapt thro' many a rosy
change,
The twilight died into the
dark.

IV.

'A hundred summers! can it
be?
And whither goest thou, tell me
where?'
'O seek my father's court with
me.

O seek my father's
court with me.



For there are greater wonders
there.'

And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple
rim,

Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she fol-
lowed him.

Moral.



MORAL.

I.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,
And if you find no moral
there,

Go, look in any glass and say,
What moral is in being fair.

Oh, to what uses shall we
put

The wildweed-flower that simply
blows ?

And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the
rose ?

II.

But any man that walks the
mead.

In bud or blade, or bloom,
may find,

According as his humors lead,

A meaning suited to his mind.

And liberal applications lie

In Art like Nature, dearest
friend :

So 'twere to cramp its use, if I

Should hook it to some useful
end.

L'envoi.



L'ENVOI.

I.

YOU shake your head. A random string
 Your finer female sense offends.

Well—were it not a pleasant thing
 To fall asleep with all one's

 friends ;

To pass with all our social ties

 To silence from the paths of
 men :

And every hundred years to rise

THE DAY-DREAM.

And learn the world, and sleep
again ;
To sleep thro' terms of mighty
wars,
And wake on science grown to
more,
On secrets of the brain, the stars,
As wild as aught of fairy lore ;
And all that else the years will
show,
The Poet-forms of stronger
hours,
The vast Republics that may
grow,
The Federations and the
Powers ;
Titanic forces taking birth

THE DAY-DREAM.

.....

In divers seasons, divers
climes ;
For we are Ancients of the
earth,
And in the morning of the
times.

II.

So sleeping, so aroused from
sleep
Thro' sunny decads new and
strange,
Or gay quinquenniads would we
reap
The flower and quintessence
of change.

III.

Ah, yet would I—and would I
might !

So much your eyes my fancy
take—

Be still the first to leap to light
That I might kiss those eyes
awake !

For, am I right, or am I wrong,
To choose your own you did
not care ;

You'd have *my* moral from the
song,

And I will take my pleasure
there :

And, am I right or am I wrong,

My fancy, ranging thro' and
thro',
To search a meaning for the
song,
Perforce will still revert to
you ;
Nor finds a closer truth than
this
All-graceful head, so richly
curl'd,
And evermore a costly kiss
The prelude to some brighter
world.

IV.

For since the time when Adam
first

THE DAY-DREAM.

Embraced his Eve in happy
hour,
And every bird of Eden burst
In carol, every bud to flower,
What eyes, like thine, have
waken'd hopes,
What lips, like thine, so
sweetly join'd ?
Where on the double rosebud
droops
The fulness of the pensive
mind ;
Which all too dearly self-in-
volved,
Yet sleeps a dreamless sleep to
me ;
A sleep by kisses undissolved,

That lets thee neither hear nor
see :
But break it. In the name of
wife,
And in the rights that name
may give,
Are clasp'd the moral of thy
life.
And that for which I care to
live.

Epilogue. -

EPILOGUE.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,
And, if you find a meaning
there,

O whisper to your glass, and say,
‘What wonder, if he thinks me
fair?’

What wonder I was all unwise,
To shape the song for your
delight
Like long-tail'd birds of Para-
dise
That float thro' Heaven, and
cannot light?

Or old-world trains, upheld at
court

By Cupid-boys of blooming
hue—

But take it—earnest wed with
sport,

And either sacred unto you.

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FROST-BITTEN



WE were driv-
ing home
from the
" Patri-
archs ' "—
Molly Le-
fèvre and
I, you
know;

The white
flakes flut-

tered about our lamps;
Our wheels were hushed in the
sleeping snow.

Her white arms nestled amid her
furs;
Her hands half-held, with languid
grace.



“‘I, HELENA, TAKE THEE—LOVE—CHER-
ISH—AND’—WELL, I CAN’T HELP
IT,—‘OBEY.’”



The psalter, and Sue isn't here
yet!

I don't care. I think it's a sin
For people to get late to service,
Just to make a great show coming in.

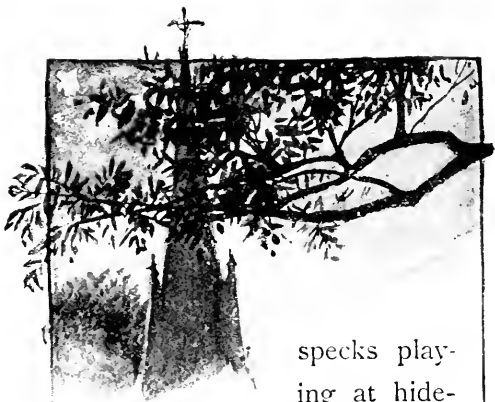
Perhaps she is sick, and can't get
here—

She said she'd a headache last
night.

Specimen Pages.

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specks play-
ing at hide-
and-seek in

the sky all night, must surely
be the children of the stars ;
and they would all be grieved
to see their playmates, the
children of men, no more."

There was one clear,
shining star that used to
come out in the sky before
the rest, near the church
spire, above the graves.





Specimen Pages,
“Thanatopsis.” Bryant,
ant.

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Nor in the embrace of ocean,
shall exist

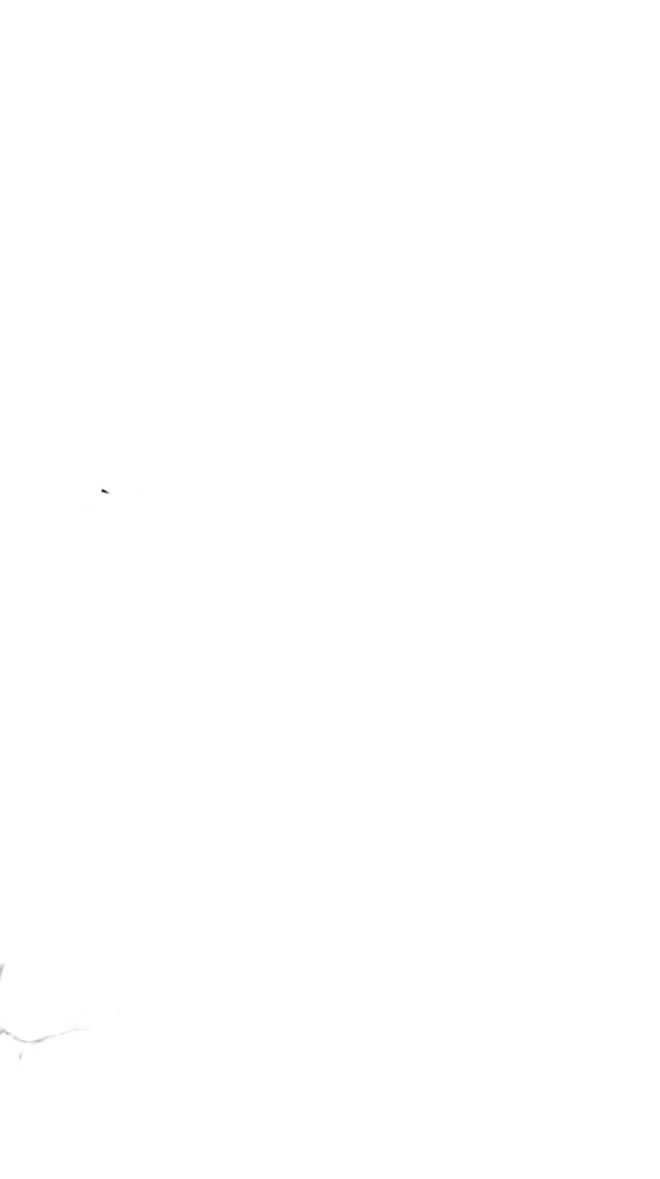
Thy image. Earth, that nour-
ished thee, shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to
earth again.



“THE SLUGGISH CLOD, WHICH THE RUDE
SWAIN TURNS WITH HIS SHARE, AND
TREADS UPON.”





PR Tennyson, Alfred Tennyson
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